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THE ACORN

ALAMEDA HIGH MAY, 1908

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FREEDOM, OR---?

There had been a game of cards, an accusation, a quarrel, a threat and angry words; there had been a flash of steel, a shot, another, and one of the men had fallen over in the dust, never to rise again. It was in a little mining town in the mountains, and before the crowd of rough miners realized what it all meant it was too late. Then they had seen the survivor mount the fleetest broncho in the village and ride away into the night and the darkness swifter than a meteor across the black sky; and when he was already miles away someone had raised the head of the man who lay in the dust, and the Sheriff came hurrying to the scene of the battle. No one seemed to blame the slayer, not even the Sheriff himself, for the manner of the man who had been slain was known to all. Still, the duty to the law was to bring the offender to justice—at least, to bring him to trial and to a short term of imprisonment for his act. So, after a little delay, the Sheriff and his men scoured the neighboring mountains and plains, and offers of reward for the safe deliverance of the guilty man were posted. The Sheriff was looking out for re-election.

But the weeks passed by with no trace of the one who had fired the shot, and the affair was almost forgotten. Yet they missed the fugitive, for, despite his fiery temper and his untamed passions, he had been a general favorite in camp. The weeks lengthened into months.

* * * * * *

At the time of the shooting there had been a man in town who was trying to uplift the rough miners about him. He was a missioner, and preached night after night to all who would listen. Although sincere in his aim to lead the world nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven, and never swerving from his path of duty, he did not appeal to the men, nor had he been able to win them over to his beliefs and standards of morality as a more sympathetic nature might have done. He was a man of the keenest perception, and could peer into the very soul—and not always with kindness and

good will. His sense of right and wrong was very well developed, and unmerciful justice was one of his strong themes. A man of truth and honor, he had never been known to break his word, and when once he vowed a vow no circumstance or incident could make him yield, whether in the right or in the wrong.

When he left the town his departure was not regretted by the men, for many had been brought to justice by his efforts. Then he journeyed far into the North, preaching here and there to the cattlemen and miners, ever in his path of duty.

* * * * * *

The missioner had come to a narrow log that bridged a roaring mountain torrent. Directly across the river was a lumber camp and a county seat, which was to be his place of action for the coming months. The sternness of his nature had been deepened by his often unsuccessful contact with his fellow-men. It was late in the afternoon, and the sky was black and cloudy, casting a look of desolation and sorrow over the mountain scene.

On the opposite bank sat a man, weary after the hard day's work. He was gazing into the waters, tired of it all. Tired physically, mentally, morally—tired of the dread of capture. He was the one who had fired the shot in the mining village farther South; yet how clever was his disguise!

He glanced up a little nervously when he heard the approaching footsteps; he saw the missioner, and the nervousness deepened to fear; he saw the look of recognition in the eye of the other, and the fear changed almost to hatred. They had never been friends.

The missioner fixed his keen, steely eye on the man, accusingly. He spoke with cold determination.

"John Mathewson," he said, "you have been a fugitive from justice for six months. I thank God that I have the opportunity to send you back to it. There will be no chance for escape this time, either."

The hatred in the eye of the other deepened, as in desperation he saw that there was no way of persuading that missioner that the identification was incorrect. He straightened himself up to his six feet of manhood, and looked down on his accuser with almost a sneer.

"I'd like to know how it is you consider me in your power, you little snip of a man!"

The missioner glared.

"The Sheriffs within a few hundred feet can easily overpower you," he said. "The reward is all the inducement they need to persuade them. I intend to identify you directly. You shot a fellow-man, crushed out a life, and you must and shall pay the penalty!"

The penalty, yes, the penalty! Had he not been paying the penalty day by day with remorse and the fear and anxiety of the hunted? Was more penalty justly his?

Then, again, came the feeling of hatred for the man who was about to betray his secret, mingled with his strong and youthful love of life and freedom—of freedom more than life. Justice in the court of law in the home town would mean imprisonment rather than the death sentence, would rob him of his freedom instead of his life. Yet how he loved his freedom, even more than he loved his

life! The glory and grandeur of the mountains, the wildness of the scenery, the work of hauling the great logs, and, above, all his leadership and popularity among the men! Imprisonment would be far worse than death!

Then, as he looked at the waters, a thought entered the confusion of his brain. How easy, oh how easy! But it was the thought of a coward, and he hastily put it aside.

He glanced at the missioner, waiting coldly and sternly before him. The hatred again, oh, what hatred! Another thought, another easy way! The bank was slippery, and one touch would send him to a watery grave, and who could tell the tale and prove it was not an accident? But another human life, could he be accountable for another human life?

"Come," said the missioner, "you see there is no escape." He started up the bank, but suddenly his foot slipped—there was a splash, and—he had fallen into the river.

The man on the bank saw it, dazed. Now had come his chance for escape, and he was in no way accountable for it—for this death—it was purely accidental. Yet he could save him, save him from the angry torrents by his massive strength. His freedom or a human life—which was it to be? A life, a life, could he be responsible for two lives, rather than one? Could he have the dreadful thought that two had met their death because of him? Yes, because of him, for he could save this second if he would.

And suddenly the black clouds in the West parted, and the brilliancy of the setting sun lighted the soul of the man, bringing peace, hope and happiness, as he leaped into the river to save the life of the man who was to rob him of his freedom.

GERTRUDE BROWN.

REPARATION

He was a spy, scorned and despised alike by friend and foe. Moreover, he was not a willing traitor to his country, for he considered that he had been forced to do the thing. "Adverse circumstances," that ever-present excuse of the weak-willed man, was his mental justification. Well he remembered the day that he had entered Manila with the victorious American army. Every incident was stamped indelibly upon his brain. He recalled the glances of hate and scorn with which he was received by his surrendering countrymen, and he remembered what a sickening clutch he had felt at his throat as the colors of his country, of his beloved Castile, were lowered to the ground.

A native woman had grasped a small American flag and had trampled it to the earth; and he, though he shared her sentiments to the utmost he had been forced to assist in her arrest.

Yes, he was a Castilian of the bluest blood, and he loved his country passionately.

Hs was merely tolerated by the Americans. They had no use for spies, they had said, when he had sneaked in and given himself

up, so many weeks before—and he had been astounded at the discovery.

At the time he had felt justified in his deed; but now, day by day, he felt the conviction creeping over him that he had committed the unpardonable crime—he was an outcast from all the world. No land could he ever call "home;" never again would he feel that delicious thrill which is alone produced by deeds of patriotism; and he became lowered, day by day, into the depths of black despair.

He was leading a detachment of soldiers through a tangled swamp jungle, in order to overcome the Spaniards by a flank movement, when a scheme shaped itself in his mind by which he would be able to lead the Americans to destruction and at the same time reinstate himself in the favor of his countrymen. He would guide the Americans to a place where they would be directly in the firing line between the two struggling armies, and, thus creating a divergence, would enable his own compatriots to charge, while the Americans withheld their fire for fear of hitting their countrymen.

They were continually getting nearer to the roar of the battle, and, stopping the company, he went forward to reconnoiter. He intended reaching the Spanish army and laying his plans before the commandant; but as he emerged between the firing lines he was struck over the head by a bolo wielded by a native scout. The Filipino gave him one look and ran on, leaving him for dead. He was not dead, however, for a low-hanging branch had turned the knife in the native's hand and he had been struck senseless by the flat side of the blade.

The American captain, who was left back in the underbrush, having waited the appointed time, made his way forward with his company and arrived just in time to assist in the final rout of the Spaniards.

The spy awoke and deliriously made his way forward through the gathering dusk to the now deserted trench. Picking up a tattered Spanish flag, he staggered forward, singing a national hymn. Many times he stumbled and fell, yet he made his way forward till he came into the light of many camp-fires, around which the American soldiers were sitting down to their evening meal. Three sentries challenged him peremptorily, but he made his way forward, waving the tattered emblem of his mother country. Again he was challenged, but still he kept on.

Three shots rang out simultaneously, and he leaped high in the air and fell sprawling, clutching the sod. He had made reparation for his deed—his penance was complete, and his soul was clean in the sight of God.

A. C. BERINGER.

EDITORIAL

In the first edition of The Acorn it was mentioned that a very prosperous season was anticipated by all and that never before had such school spirit been present. Now, when the term is nearing its close, and when the staff of the regular Acorn has nearly completed its work, it rejoices with you that all the bright promises are being fulfilled. Yes, these have indeed been satisfactory months for us all, and before the first of June will undoubtedly be more so. There is work still unfinished, however, which still needs the assistance of the school. For instance, baseball season is not half over, and baseball—well, all our hopes are centered in baseball. Of course you have supported the team with your good will and are straining every effort to attend the games. Yet how many are there who neglect the financial support that means so much? Is it school spirit to be a non-member of the Student Body, because you have neglected to pay your dues? Remember, too, that The Acorn is included in that sixty cents, and also that election day will soon come along.

When a new Acorn staff takes up the work after the summer vacation it is hoped that even more support will be given by the school than there has been this term. This term—well, the paper has improved, a little, because the interest in it has increased. There is still room for advancement, however, and we hope to see this effected. Remember that whatever strides are made must be due to the efforts of the school at large, rather than those of the staff alone, and that the credit or the blame of The Acorn to Alameda High rests with the students.

The final edition, which will be out about the first of June, will be a souvenir of the senior class, edited and managed entirely by the graduates. It promises to be one of the best ever produced,

and those who purchase it will have not only pleasure and entertainment, but also the satisfaction that they have supported an enterprise that means much to the class of June, '08.

THE PLAYGROUND

In this number of the Acorn we wish to voice the sentiment of the pupils of the schools of Alameda in regard to the playground which we hope will materialize soon.

In the first place, everyone wants **one large playground.** In the second place, if it is decided to have two or three smaller playgrounds, we want one which is large enough to hold an athletic field for the various sports.

This "one large playground" bill is supported by the most prominent and unbiased men in Alameda, who are trying to conserve the best interests of their town and especially the younger generation, and who are not looking out for the welfare of Recreation Park and other minor interests.

The opposing faction to the "one large playground" bill offers the Thompson property, the Waymire property, and the Hayes tract. The Waymire tract is not available, so that is out of the question. The Southern Pacific Co. has a franchise to run an electric road through the Thompson tract, thus preventing an athletic field on that site. The Hayes tract is the most desirable of the three, but it is hardly large enough for an athletic field; and if one should be laid out, it would necessitate the destruction of some of the finest trees in town. The purchase of these three tracts would therefore leave the school boys without an athletic field of any kind.

The people do not seem to realize the chance they have in buying the Dunn-Taylor tract. It is the largest tract in Alameda and it will only be a short time before it will not be available.

If the people wish to give an athletic field and large picnic grounds and so forth, as it was originally intended, everything seems to point to this Dunn-Taylor tract. For those who are not able to visit it the following description may help to impress upon them the advantages which this tract affords.

It is situated on the bay shore with a water frontage of about a thousand feet and has a fine beach which affords good opportunities for swimming. It is about seven hundred feet deep at one end and about eight hundred at the other. The whole tract consists of about twelve acres. The Taylor tract, which covers about four acres, is covered with oak trees and is an ideal place for a park. The Dunn tract, which is separated from this tract by Prospect street, seems to be made for an athletic field. The tract is very level and the cost of putting it into shape would be very small.

It is sincerely hoped that the citizens of Alameda will see this tract and its various advantages and help us to secure the **one large playground** by voting for the **Dunn-Taylor tract** in the coming election.

H. SPENCE, '08.

BASEBALL

Baseball season is now in full sway, and numerous games have been played, and numerous ones won. Alameda has a faster team this year than ever before, and the whole school is proud of its work and its victories and ready to support it with enthusiasm and good will. Last year the baseball boys caused the rival High Schools to bow down to them, the champions, and this year—well, a few weeks will decide whether that homage will be repeated. If spirit and hard work count for aught the boys have a fairly good chance, haven't they?

For the benefit of those who do not read "Editor" Wilson's notes in The Argus some of the games which have kept the boys so busy will be briefly reviewed.

A. H. S. 11, SAN RAFAEL 2.

The bunch went to San Rafael on the 7th of March and walloped the other fellows by the above score. Mackie pitched for Alameda, and certainly did well. Other remarkable features were noticeable by their absence.

A. H. S. 10, MT. TAMALPAIS 4.

On the afternoon of the same day Mt. Tamalpais Academy were defeated. An accident to Frank Gay marred the game, for he twisted his ankle in sliding bases. "Garbie" is all right now, however.

ST. MARYS 3, A. H. S. 2.

In this game Alameda's winning streak was shattered, but only after a hard fight. Brush and McFarland were the home team's battery. Johnson was responsible for the two runs by a two-bagger that brought in Kues and Mackie.

A. H. S. 10, U. C. FRESHMEN 4.

In this game Alameda won by superior all-round playing. An-

other game will be played shortly, a match which will be more closely contested because of the improvement of the U. C. "babies."

A. H. S. 10, LOWELL 2.

Lowell at last had its much-wished-for chance at our team and got what it was looking for, with a little more besides. Alameda's battery was McFarland and Mackie.

A. H. S. 18, ANDERSON'S ACADEMY 0.

And first league game at that! Pretty good, huh? The game was so slow, however, that "Jedge" had to shovel off the grass that was growing on his shoes.

A. H. S. 24, ST. IGNATIUS 4.

The score does not tell the (time) story of the game, although in one inning our team opened a pot of glue and stuck around smashing the ball for a whole hour. St. Ignatius was handicapped, however, by lack of familiarity with the field.

A. H. S. 7, BELMONT 1.

Alameda showed its stuff surely this time when it beat Reid's aggregation. Belmont is a fast team, and its defeat was a surprise to many. Gay distinguished himself by ably filling the catcher's position, for McFarland "had to work." Kues' absence was also felt.

ST. MARYS 4, A. H. S. 2.

Again. Nuf ced.

A. H. S. 3, SAN JOSE 0.

It is needless to review this contest, for the whole school seemed to turn out to see it, although it was only a practice game. The San Jose series of games excited more interest among the school at large than any other but big league games has ever done, and showed that the school is back of its team with hearty good will.

SAN JOSE 1, A. H. S. 0.

A great game, that, and played in a great little town, San Jose. San Jose is a good team and earned its victory, though by a stubborn fight.

A. H. S. 1, SAN JOSE 0.

Another great game, and ten innings at that! The Alameda team secured eleven hits to San Jose's three, but somehow luck seemed to have deserted until the tenth, when Mackie ripped out a single. By an error of San Jose's right fielder, he reached third. "Bonce" McFarland was there with the big stick and squeezed him home. This was the closest of the three great struggles between San Jose and Alameda, giving Alameda supremacy by two victories to San Jose's one. The games were very interesting to spectators, were valuable practice to the teams, and showed that if San Jose and Alameda meet in a semi-final championship game grit and hard work will determine the victor.

The school is proud of the team, proud of its victories, and eager to see more of them. It supports the team well, is interested in all it does, and is only too anxious to attend the games. But does it also give the financial support due? Does it pay up its Associated Students dues of a little fifty-cent piece to help baseball and all the other things? The team is under very heavy expense, the school has to stand for it, and that means **you!**

The only items in track athletics for this month are the inter-class field day and the dual meet with Vacaville, as Alameda did not run in the A. A. L. The inter-class meet was won by the Juniors, who defeated the Sophomores by a narrow margin. The stars of the day were Etter, '10, who won the 50, 100 and 220-yard dashes, and Shattuck, '09, who won the half and the mile runs. The 440 was won by Cummings, '11, a new man from Santa Barbara, who is a good runner, but unfortunately not eligible for the big meets. Thorpe, for the Freshmen, captured the broad jump and won in all fourteen points; Spence, '08, won the high jump, and Bruzzoni, '09, the shot-put.

The meet with Vacaville ended with a victory for Vacaville of forty points to our eighteen. This does not tell the whole story, however, for things were pretty even up to the relay, which they captured.

Worthington won the shot-put for Alameda, was second in the hammer-throw and tied with Thorpe for first in the mile. Macauley, who was not in training, won the broad jump and was second in the 100-yard dash.

Vacaville forfeited the 440 to Macauley and Perkins, as their man was ill. Shattuck was second in the 880, and Naylor second in the 220. Vacaville won the relay.

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TENNIS

The tournament is over. It was a great success, undoubtedly the greatest success in that line for many years. The results were many. First, it shows that tennis is not dead. There were sixteen entries, and many spectators. Second, it was splendid practice and good sport, and third, it has awakened an undying interest in tennis.

On account of the weather the tournament was postponed from March 5th to Thursday, March 19th. The first half was played on Thursday and Friday. Three out of five sets were required to win all matches. The first round was as follows: Medcraft defeated Brown 3-0, Brush defeated Elmer Johnson 3-0, Angelo defeated Gibbs 3-2, Haslett defeated Sharp 3-1, Rene defeated Coyle 3-2, Guerin defeated Fred Johnson 3-0, Albert defeated Spencer 3-0, and Morrow defeated Greig 3-0.

In the second round, played the first part of the week following, Angelo defeated Rene 3-1, Brush defeated Haslett 3-0, Guerin defeated Medcraft 3-0, and Morrow defeated Albert 3-1. The semi-finals were a walkover for Guerin and Brush. Brush defeated Angelo 3-0, the set scores all being 6-1, and Guerin defeated Morrow 3-0, the set scores being 6-1, 6-0, 6-0. Brush and Guerin were then left in the semi-finals. As Guerin had won so many laurels at Lick and is considered one of the best players on the Coast, fate seemed to be against Mini. On the 31st of the month, however, Guerin left for Alaska, giving Brush the championship by default. Brush is undoubtedly a fine player and well worthy the school's championship.

Another tournament, probably an inter-class, will be held within a few weeks, and is eagerly anticipated by all those interested in tennis. A tournament is also being arranged with Petaluma High School by the manager, Heath Angelo, although the date has not been set.

Much of the success of the tournament is due to the untiring efforts of the Tournament Committee, consisting of Byard Sharp, Garner Beckett, Ernest Brown and Heath Angelo. The committee wishes to thank the school for the support given them in making this, the first tournament, so successful.

"The Boys' Tennis Association" is certainly as strong as ever and aiding tennis activities to a great extent. There are thirty members on the list. The officers are appointed by the Executive Committee of the Associated Student Body.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Senior Theater Party.

On Thursday evening, March 19th, the senior classes each held theater parties at the Ye Liberty, where "In the Bishop's Carriage" was being played. It was a strange coincidence that both classes chose the same play and the same night, and a still stranger one that the Low Seniors had heard so many whisperings about the High Seniors' party, when each High Senior expected the other class to gasp with astonishment at the sight of the pennant suspended from one of the boxes. At any rate, the affair was one of the biggest successes ever known, and everyone enjoyed the evening.

There are various suggestions for Senior good times before the close of the term. There has been some mention of a hayride, to be given jointly, and other picnics are sure to be held, Don't you wish you were a Senior?

The High Senior Class is thinking of a trip to Goat Island, but they don't intend to tell anyone about it. Considering the example set on March 19th, and the name of the chosen spot, the Low Seniors will certainly feel justified in "butting in."

Alpha Sigma.

Eta of Alpha Sigma has pledged Marie Tyson. On Friday night, April 24th, the Alpha Sigma dance was given at Maple Hall, Oakland, and was one of the prettiest affairs of the season. The following day the annual convention was held in Alameda.

Delta Sigma Theta.

The Delta Sigma Theta girls enjoyed the week's vacation at a house party at Ben Lomond. An initiation will take place soon, at which Ruth Soule will be taken in.

Skull and Serpent.

The Skull and Serpent held an initiation on January 28th, taking in two new members, Mary Teller and Erna Seeger. A theater party was enjoyed by fourteen of the members the following Saturday at Ye Liberty, the play being "A Stranger in a Strange

Land." The next meeting, falling in vacation, was enjoyed in the form of a picnic in Diamond Canon, and much pleasure was derived from the day's outing.

Sigma Phi Upsilon.

Sigma Phi Upsilon reports favorably this term. At a recent initiation Heath Angelo and Harold Naylor were taken in. Homer Spence has been pledged.

After having made a visit to chapters in the East, Guy Landsburg has gone to Alaska with Henry Guerin for an indefinite visit.

Phi Lambda Epsilon.

A charter was recently granted Alpha Pi fraternity of the Alameda High School by the Grand Council of the National Academic fraternity, Phi Lambda Epsilon to establish a Chapter here to be known as California Delta. The initiation was held Saturday evening, March 21, 1908, under the direction of California Beta, of Oakland High School. The active members initiated are: Paul Kuhns, Killiam Gale, John Siegfried, Edward Seagrave, John Coyle, George Davis. The alumni members initiated are: Howard Fassett, Joseph Emmal, David Clark, Loris Dexter and Kenneth Staniford.

THAT FRESHMAN PAUL

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There has never been a more prosperous year than this in basket-ball at Alameda High. And what has done it? Hard work grit and a fighting spirit for the school has accomplished what nothing else could. It is true that our girls were defeated by Healdsburg and also by Berkeley, but began again with a new spirit. They defeated California College by a very large score not long ago, and came out of the Fruitvale game with flying colors, the score being 29 to 16. The Fruitvale game decided the sub-league championship and enabled the team to enter the semi-finals.

The semi-final game with Healdsburg was played on Saturday, April 4th, in an Oakland gymnasium, and resulted in a victory for Healdsburg, the score being 16 to 9. The girls tried their best, and certainly played a splendid game, but the strength and speed of the husky country lasses was a wee bit too much for them.

Although there will be no more league games for the girls to play they will continue their good work and endeavor to add a few more victories to the list. Miss Murray, the manager, has secured an able coach, Mr. Gray, of Oakland, and under his competent instruction the girls are advancing rapidly.

The line-up for the Healdsburg game was as follows:

Centers—Irene Wood, Sylvia Strouss, Ethel Murray.
Guards—Hermina Schlageter, Ruthven Sackett, Emma Naber.
Goals—Nita Diamond, Martha Gordenker.

Then out strode brave Horatio,
With fire in his eye,
And dared the naughty baseballs
To e'er approach him nigh;
Alas! a big one did it,
And nearly hit his head,
And though the sun were shining
Yet he saw stars instead.
And red!

On February 26th a try-out for selecting a team to debate "The Agora," a girls' debating society of Berkeley High, was held. The question was: "Resolved, That the government of the United States is more democratic than that of England." Allan Beringer, Ernest Brown and William Wieland were selected to uphold the honors of Alameda High. The debate with Berkeley was scheduled to take place March 28th, but after the boys had done considerable work on the question Berkeley defaulted, leaving one cup debate at least to Alameda's credit. The next debate to be held is with Lowell High School, the winner of the Lick-Lowell debate, and will probably take place around the last of May. Alameda is to submit the question.

The semi-annual debating convention will be held in San Francisco in the latter part of April. Alameda intends to send a large delegation to this convention, which will be entertained quite royally by the four San Francisco schools that are in the league—Lick, Lowell, Commercial Evening High School and Humbolt Evening High School. The Alameda delegates are looking forward to this meeting, for they are assured of a splendid time.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to thank the seventy-five or more schools who have sent us their papers, and regret that time and space do not permit us to criticize them all.

Olla Poddrida in an editorial, states the advantages and disadvantages of issuing their paper twice a month. We would like to see the *Olla Pod* issued only once a month, if by doing this they could return to their former high standard. Not that the *Olla Pod* is below the average High School monthly, for it is still among our very best exchanges, but it is not as good as it used to be. We believe that if the paper was issued monthly again this former excellent standard would be reached.

El Gabilan

The *El Gabilan*, from Salinas, Cal., a quarterly, is very good throughout. This paper shows what a school can do when they issue their paper only once in three months. It is certainly far better than any monthly we have received. The cover is very artistic, the paper is of a high quality, the printing is very well done, and it contains plenty of interesting and clever stories and joshes. We consider these points to be the chief aims in High School papers.

The Target

Our only grammar school exchange, *The Target*, from McKinley Grammar School, Berkeley, Cal., is equal to a large number of our High School exchanges. We wonder how you maintain your paper without the aid of advertisements, when most High School papers have a hard time to get along with them. Keep up the good work, *Target.*

The Cricket

The March edition of *The Cricket*, from Belmont, Cal., contains some very interesting stories. The whole paper is good and bright and interesting, every department being well edited. That's a pretty cover, too.

The Bell

The Bell, April issue, from San Jose, Cal., is another paper that is very well arranged. The numerous cuts and cartoons certainly add wonderfully to the appearance. It is a pleasure to receive such a lively looking paper.

The Oracle

The March issue of *The Oracle*, from Bakersfield, Cal., has arrived. We believe that *The Oracle* could be made to look much more attractive, both inside and outside. Get a cut for the cover, and some new cuts inside, for they all seem crude and unfinished. Enlarge the size of your paper a little, so as to leave more room for margins. Then *The Oracle* will be very creditable, as there is very good reading matter throughout.

The Cogswell

The first issue of *The Cogswell*, from San Francisco, Cal., is very interesting. Here is another example of a very well-printed paper, with good cuts. One thing, though—we do not think it adds to the appearance of the fly-leaf to stamp "Please exchange" on it. If you are kind enough to send your paper to some other school they ought to return the kindness without being asked to do so, and in the majority of the cases this is done.

We are glad to see that many of our exchanges arrived in envelopes. This custom is rapidly gaining hold, and before the year is up we sincerely hope that all the exchange editions will have given up the barbarous custom of murdering the exchanges, or at least of rolling them so that the receiving editor has to brutally tear them to pieces in his effort to get at the exchange.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Rose Schmidt is one of the two candidates for Associated Women Students President at the University of California. The presidency is perhaps the greatest honor that the women of the University can confer, and all Alameda's wishes are with Miss Schmidt, who was well known and well beloved when at Alameda High. Since at college she has been very prominent in all activities and has done particularly well in dramatics.

Mr. Fritz Claxton, '07, is taking a few weeks' trip in the North. He expects to enter a bank before long.

During her week vacation from Stanford Miss Jane Cooper graced the school with her presence.

Miss Minnie Anderson day by day warbles away the dreary hours of noon with her singing. It is delightful to have such girls come back.

Miss Helen White enjoyed a week's vacation in Sonoma County away from the turmoil of college life.

Mr. Nason was seen dodging the scrubs about the building on bright Thursday.

The class of December, '07, has held several meetings, obviously for business but in reality for pleasant evenings. Though small in numbers, the class is large in union and good feeling.

If there is any shorthand to be done apply to Misses Young and Bradley. Mr. McLaughlin is leading them along the thorny path to wisdom.

Among the Alameda High alumni that graduate from Berkeley this spring are Miss Olive Dillon, Miss Willa Sale, Miss Meta Eggers, Miss Myrtle Ward, Miss Leona Hale, Mr. Arthur Alveraz and Mr. Stephen Otis.

Mr. Ralph Marx, December '06, is at Pennsylvania University.

In Memorium

FRANK O'BRIEN

Died in Alameda, California

April 2, 1908

Joshes

Menu adopted for the training table by Handsome Tom Kelly, of the auburn hair, for baseball season 1908:

Salads.

Green freshment, fresh from kindergarten.
Small crabs, 23 in a bunch.
Lobster, a la Will Gale.

Soups.

Hacked mule stew, a la Kassebaum.
Soup—er—natural soup.

Fish.

Shellfish, a la Red Spence.
Suckers, a la Bruzzone.
Catfish, a la C. McFarland.

Game.

Roast "quail" (just before an ex.).
The first league game.

Entrees.

Electric currants, with "Minimum" relish.
Fricasseed hair, "Barber" finish, Bronson spices.
Wilson chopped tongue, served with chestnuts.
Buffalo meat, a la "Kaiser."
Baseballs on the half shell.
Cracked hearts—Brush's delight.

Roasts.

Roasted peanuts, coffee beans.
Roast "Pigi."
Roast Everybody, a la Dr. Thompson.

Vegetables.

Cabbage heads, a la "Bruzzone."
Bamboo stalks, a la Beringer.
String beans, a la Scoffield.
Pears' Soap.

Desserts.

Mellins' Food, Freshman Brand.
Petrified doughnuts.
Candy, a la Sale.
Charlotte Rouge, a la Tufts.

Beverages.

Cocoa, a la John Coyle.
Peruna.

Nuts.

Murphy, Gibbs, Kues, Hauch and others.
Brush's chestnuts (steam rollers provided).

MR EDWIN ANTHONY
In "The Mikado"

MR. GEO. BROWNING
In the 'Private Secretary"

MODERN ROMANCE.

ACT I.

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruination.
Dissipation, degradation, reformation or starvation.
Application, situation, occupation, restoration.
Concentration, inervation, nerve prostration, a vacation.

ACT II.

Destination, country station, nice location, recreation.
Exploration, observation, fascination, flirtation.
Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation.
Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.

ACT III.

Stimulation, animation, inspiration, new potation.
Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation.
Declaration, acceptation, osculation, sweet sensation.
Exultation, preparation, combination, new relation.—Ex.

(Curtain.)

Notice.

Mr. Brush recently applied for the Josh Editorship, and a few of his characteristic remarks are given below, so that the school may judge for itself whether he is competent or not. Just listen:

1. Why is it a prisoner can't sing? Because he's behind a bar and can't get the key. (Ha, ha.)

2. The history class was having an ex., and Sugar Brush brilliantly remarked: "Give us something about a king and then we can have king's-ex." (Ho, ho.)

3. During a physic experiment some pins wouldn't float as they were supposed to, when he brought forth a safety pin, as that would be safe. (He-e, he-e.)

The school rejoices that at last the "young idea" is found.

Among the Faculty.

There was a young mathematician,
Who some valentines sent on a mission;
They were cleverly writ
And made such a hit
That we vow she's a fine poetician.

* * * * * *

He was a young teacher named M——m,
Whose knowledge was all in his cranium;
While out in his "Knox"
He got a hot box
And towed it clear in from Copernium.

* * * * * *

There was a strict teacher named W——e,
With her I's she was certaintly tight;
And if, Oh alas,
You were in her class
Your report card was surely a fright.

* * * * * *

And there's our dear friend, Miss DuB——s,
Whose use of our language is choice;
The adoring young girls
In short dresses and curls
Pipe the tale of their love, sotto voice.

Laugh, and the class laugh with you;
Study! You're left alone.

Grand Concert Program.

1. Solo, "Only One Grain of Hops, Mother," Mr. Russell McFarland.
2. Duet, "Love Me and the World is Mine," Mr. Elmer Johnson and any young lady who is handy.
3. Quartette, "It May Be Red, But It's Real," Messrs. Tufts, Chapman, Spence and Silverberg.
4. Solo, "After the Ball Was Over," Mr. Spencer Brush.
5. Recitation, "How it Feels to Have the Jimmies," Mr. Russell McFarland.
6. Grand chorus, "One, Two, Three, Four," A. H. S. on report card day.

Once upon a morning dreary,
While I slumbered weak and weary,
Dreaming of that sweet vacation lore,
Suddenly there came a ringing,
Lasting, with persistent dinging,
My alarm clock on the floor—
Only this, and nothing more!

There was a young Senior named Parker,
And when it grew darker and darker,
With his girl he went out,
But got under the spout,
Which extinguished this unlucky sparker.

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'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet;
And there he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.—Ex.

Murphy anp Pigi Out for a Ride
Kues in Hot Pursuit

There is a young lady named Rita,
And in school very seldom we meet her;
When to class she must go
Her movements are slow,
But in leaving there's no one that's fleeter.

We once had a teacher named Rose,
Who went where each fair teacher goes;
If some others would do it
We never would rue it,
And 'tis leap year, as everyone knows.

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There is a young fellow named Neill,
Who's right there when it comes to a spiel;
We stare at his size,
Because he's so wise
Why, his brains must go down to his heel.

Why is W. K. so brilliant in answering history questions?
'Cause he always has the right **Kues.**

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DIED—In Alameda, Sunset Society. Death was due to fatigue and over-exertion caused by Mr. Neill Wilson, a prominent member of the Alameda High School. Coroner's inquest will be held soon.

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Who grinds out his puns with a rush;
We sit for a while
And try hard to smile,
But at last we are forced to yell "Hush!"

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Miss White—What are gauntlets?
Bright Boy—A kind of helmet for the feet, I think.

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McF.—'Cause you just swallowed a wave.

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